

THE Royal visit to Copenhagen could not, of course, be on the scale of the visit to Paris yet in warmth and significance it adds another chapter to a reign which more and more justifies the traditional words: "Happy and glorious" in a period of history where Royalty is often described as an anachronism the Queen of England reigns in the hearts not only of her own subjects but of men and women throughout the civilised world.

When the Queen's father came to the throne, through an act of abdication, there were people who said that the years of monarchy were numbered. They claimed that tradition must eventually give way to the inevitability of change.

Yet the Republic of France not only acclaimed the Queen but took her to their hearts. When she next visits America our cousins will feel that the centuries have been set aside and that she is also their Queen in spirit.

Adopted

THE other day a little girl, the daughter of a friend of mine in Paris, came home from school and told her mother that they had been learning in class about the procedure of the Queen of England's visit.

"But, darling, how does that come into your school lessons?" "Mummy, you don't understand! It's now part of French history."

Yaleman

MR. JOHN HAY WHITNEY, the American Ambassador, was in good form as guest of honour at last week's dinner of Harvard, Princeton and Yale men in London. (After all the leg-pulling I heard there, I print the three names with care in alphabetical order.) An ambassador who goes to his friend Amos of "Amos 'n' Andy" for after-dinner stories, and to his friend Bud Flanagan to try one out on his way to the dinner, is certainly no stuffed shirt—the last term, as Professor Goodhart said from the chair on Thursday, that you would ever apply to Jack Whitney.

When the new Ambassador was appointed, so Professor Goodhart told the company, some journalists asked him for information about his fellow countryman and Yale alumnus. "We see in Who's Who that he is a Republican and an Episcopalian—what does that mean?" "That's easy. It means that he is highly respectable, certainly in this

world and probably in . . ."

The H.A.C.

ONCE a year the Honourable Artillery Company holds a dinner at its headquarters in the old Artillery ground at Bishopsgate, and in the process there is a spectacular blending of yesterday and today. The Company originated as a band of citizens who used to practise the use of arms in that district. The arms were long-bows, crossbows and hand guns. The word artillery had no connotation of guns and gunners in those times. A charter was granted to the Company by Henry VIII in 1537 and from the first it has functioned largely as an officers' training unit.

It was a splendid scene at this year's dinner which took place last week. Everybody was in ceremonial uniform and one felt the rich heritage of the centuries. These gallant men, civilians in their daily life, soldiers for love of their country, typify the British attitude towards militarism. When a civilian guest said in his speech that soldiers should be grateful to politicians (because if there were no politicians there would be no wars) the Honourable Company heartily agreed. It was good to see young Artillery officers among the older men. Tradition still has its part to play even in the creeping common sense of the modern world.

But although Plus XII has already made it abundantly clear that he is not overawed by custom, it would be a revolutionary step for a Pope to leave Italy. For although the concordat between the Vatican and the Italian State has put an end to the self-imposed restraint by which Popes had confined themselves strictly to the Vatican, his appearances outside, even in Rome itself, have been rare.

It is only in recent years that he has begun spending the summer in his nearby villa at Castel Gandolfo. Before that he

would retire to a small house within the Vatican gardens. But as Cardinal Pacelli he visited Lourdes as Papal Legate in 1935, and he may well become the first Pope to enter France since Urban VIII arrived to assist at the coronation of Napoleon.

There was a pleasant function last Wednesday when a number of us were at last able to entertain the great M. André to lunch. Sir Henry d'Avigdor-

Goldsmid acted as host and it was a pleasant affair all round even if it was not quite on the scale of M. André's massive hospitality in his own kingdom. He is the ruler of the twin Casino kingdoms of Deauville and Le Touquet, yet his appearance is that of a philosopher who is little acquainted with the ways of the world. Even the hat which he was wearing on arrival had an almost rustic innocence.

His problems are simple. It is impossible to operate a casino

Casino Kingdoms

Goering and his merry men

unless there are hotels, just as it is impossible in such places as Deauville and Le Touquet to run hotels unless there is a casino. Unfortunately, as there are comparatively short seasons for the gamblers, the hotels operate at a loss, but when the year's balance sheet is struck the casino has successfully defeated the machinations of the gamblers, and the losses of the hotels are more than met by the profits of the gaming table.

Goering and his merry men

lived pleasantly in Le Touquet after France had fallen in the war, but like the gamblers that they were they lost and paid a forfeit greater than anyone who ever played the tables.

Goering and his merry men

Contemporary Thought

TINA SPENCER KNOTT,

whom readers will remember as a contributor to The Sunday Times, sends me these verses: even in Nigeria, where she now lives, the same thoughts evidently revolve as afflict our minds here.

In the Welfare State every cure is a lure for pills without bills at a millionaire's rate. It's natural wealth this National Health, so while they're still kids let's encourage their ids, not to sublimate but vociferate and get what they can to a man. Let's have it on a platter—the State doesn't matter. It's all free gratis. . . . But the fact is we pay taxes.

A Great Unknown

PROFESSOR WALTHER

BAUERSTELD, a grey-haired scientist of 78, so shy and unassuming that the world has never heard of him (although nearly 130 major patents bear his name as the inventor) was recently awarded the coveted James Watt International Medal, regarded as the highest honour of its kind. The presentation was made by Sir George Nelson, President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and the citation was read by Sir Ewart Smith, a director of I.C.I. Only 12 men have received the medal, including Henry Ford and Sikorsky of helicopter fame.

Professor Bauersteld is head of the technical side of the Carl Zeiss Foundation of West Germany, an institution which employs 20,000 people. There are no directors, no shareholders, no one is ever late for work and the firm is known as one of the happiest in the world.

It was Professor Bauersteld who gave to surgery his shadowless operating lamp. He also pioneered aerial topo-

graphy and astronomy. The Planetarium, consisting of 29,000 parts, now being built in London, is his brain-child. If it is finished in time we, in London, will be able to see what the skies over Bethlehem looked like at the moment of Christ's Birth.

Stricklandia

EVERY now and then one encounters a person for the first time and feels an immediate and complete affinity. This happened to me last week when at a friend's house I met Miss Mabel Strickland, the



Miss Mabel Strickland.

Boadicea of Malta. Her warmth, her humour, her exuberance and her utter lack of bombast make her a delightful companion.

One of the legends of the island was the heroic determination she displayed by turning out "The Times of Malta" throughout the bombing. She stuck to her task as proprietor of the newspaper and was rightly regarded as the most powerful woman in the Mediterranean. Nor was she content with producing the English "Times of Malta," but did the same with "Il Berka" in Maltese. Neither newspaper missed a day despite the fact that both offices received direct hits and paper supplies, like food supplies, were frantically scarce. The O.B.E. seems an insufficient reward for such gallantry.

It has been said of Miss Strickland that she is formidable, gruff, tall, authoritative and downright of speech. Also it is claimed that she is obsessed by a sense of responsibility towards her dead father. An additional charge is that

her party, like her newspaper, is a one-woman affair.

All this may be true, although to me there was not a suggestion of gruffness. She has a gust of life which is irresistible and her laughter is like a gale from the sea.

Welcome Visitor

LET us end today's column with a welcome to another overseas visitor, Mr. Adlai Stevenson. Not long after his first campaign for the Presidency he visited the House of Commons where, in a room, there were gathered an audience of peers and M.P.s. Mr. Stevenson's quips during his campaign had established him not only as a brilliant politician but no mean humorist.

Unfortunately in his speech at Westminster he did not play himself in but opened at once with the pronouncement: "They say that a politician is a man who meets every problem with an open mouth."

The silence which greeted this jest was like that of the tomb. For a moment and even more than a moment Mr. Stevenson was visibly embarrassed. However, he recovered and made up lost ground, but I imagine that this time he will realise that a wit, like a boxer, must play for an opening.

People and Opinions

I write poems to see if I can make 'em all sound different from each other!

—MR. ROBERT FROST

I want to talk like Winston Churchill. I want to make speeches that sound like speeches, not chats.

—THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

The U.N. Secretary-General files tirelessly in every direction. If he keeps up that record he will win the imperishable and insufferable title of the umpire on whom the sun never sets.

—LORD ST. OSWALD

When I see the multitudes of young people thronging to hear a contemporary crooner, I wonder whether the Church's musical advisers are living in the real world or in a world of fantasy.

—THE BISHOP OF LICHETER

I'm not sure that I like being fifty.

—SIR LAURENCE OLIVER

A home is more than four walls and a home town more than a good sewerage system.

—THE HEADMASTER OF MITT HILL SCHOOL

The art of making money is taking big, calculated risks when you are young. Then you have plenty of time to try if they don't come off—and to push on and build up if they do.

—MR. VINCENT JONSON